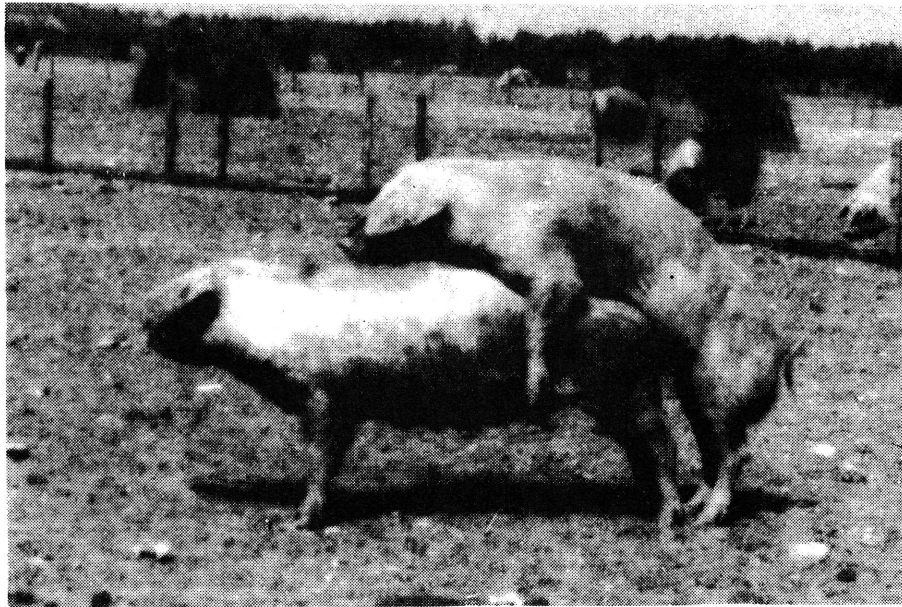


CHAINSAW

No.3 NOV/DEC '77
25p



STARRING:

LURKERS
BUZZCOCKS. LONDON. XTC



CHAINSAW

New. Little criticism — most things are 'bleedin' beaut'. Maybe its unfair to compare this with 30 or so others but it just doesn't stand up very well. No pix (bar one collage from music press/record sleeves) and identikit articles. No fun: 20p



NICE INNIT!!

CHAINSAW NO.3

THIS MAG IS DONE BY:

CHARLIE CHAINSAW: Editor

(did most articles, took photos (but not the pigs on the cover))

KID CHARLEMAGNE: Wrote one article (Well done!)

Thank to everyone that buys the mag — also thank to advertisers... It's getting hard work doing nearly everything so if anyone wants to write something but doesn't wanna start their own mag, write something and send it to me...

WRITE TO: **CHARLIE CHAINSAW**
BOX 787
1 NORTH END RD
LONDON W14 8ST

(Keep on writing letters as well. I like it!)

I'm very worried because the hairs on my vagina keep falling out. Is there anything wrong with me?
Liz C., Liverpool.



(I've got some copies of issue 2 left, 25p + postage...)

I LOOKED up the word punk in my dictionary. It was defined as worthless, bad, poor, stale and insipid. To judge by what I've heard of punk rock, that just about sums it up.
—D. Evans (13), Northfield, Birmingham

* STATUS QUO — Rockin' All Over The World No 1 (Vertigo): Britain's No 1 boogie band, with a solid rocker which would probably register high on the Richter Scale of earthquakes.

Over the next ten weeks viewers in the London, Manchester and Midlands areas will see:

- Punk fans spitting at their idols on stage.
- Punk rockers pouring beer over a girl singer.
- A fan hurling a bottle at a group, then being beaten up by

several punks around him.

- Punk rockers doing their strange pogo-dancing to the music.

When Granada were filming at one punk concert, the cameramen had to be issued with plastic macs because the fans continually spat at them.

AT LONG LAST:

THE SOFT BOYS

E. P. SINGLE IS RELEASED 28TH OCT '77

3 FANTASTIC TRACKS FROM THE MIND OF ROBYN HITCHCOCK.

GIVE IT TO THE SOFT BOYS.

ON RAW RECORDS.

THE LURKERS

LIVE REVIEW
+ INTERVIEW

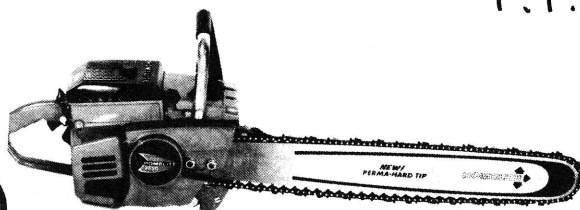


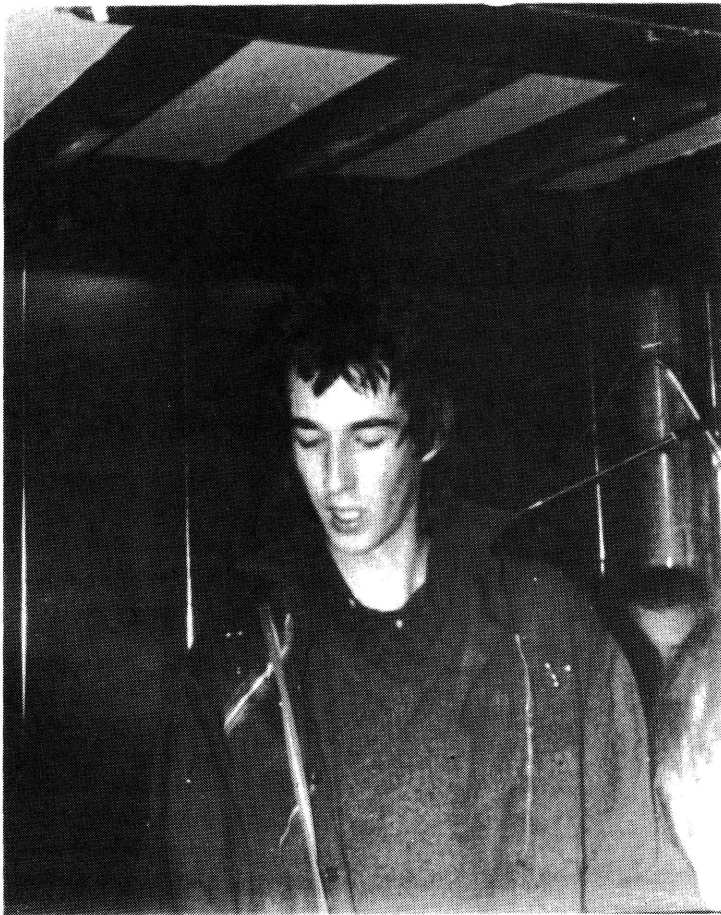
This gig was held at Blimps club, a small room at the back of the Dog and Pheasant pub on the outskirts of Cambridge. It's the smallest place I'd ever seen, it's about half the size of the cosy Red Deer in Croydon- its so small that the band tMake up the whole width of the room. Expensive (a quid to get in, 44p for a pint of bitter) but stays open till 11.2 every night. The Lurkers didn't come on stage until 10.30. There was no support band.

If you've heard their single you'll know what kind of music they play- fast laud and simple. Tony D. of Ripped & Torn (the Lurkers No.1 fan) says it takes a few listens before you start to ~~realise~~ appreciate the subtleties of their music...tonight (the second time I'd seen them) I thought they were as subtle as a kick in the balls. I liked them a lot better tonight than I did last time I saw them (supporting Gen.X

at the Marquee) probably cos I knew what to expect this time. They played a half-hour set, went away for half an hour and then came back to play some more. That's one of the things I liked about them, they really care about their fans, which is more than I can say about groups like the Clash, Damned etc. Their set included: No clue, On heat, Love dark, Pills (the N.Y.Dolls song), Love story, Cyanide, Total war, Self destruct, Then I kissed her (the Crystals song I think), Freak show, Mass media, Prisoner, and Shadow. My favourite was Total War- that was bloody brilliant! That should have been their next single (but it isn't gonna be).

P.T.O...





Afterwards I cornered drummer Manic Esso for a little chat, this is more or less what was said (or, what I can remember of, ~~if~~ it): (If I've got something enormously wrong blame the beer):

Chainsaw: Why weren't you wearing your Esso overalls on stage tonight?

Manic Esso: Who told you I wore Esso overalls?

Chainsaw: I've seen you wearing them.

Manic Esso: I've only worn them once or twice. You must have seen us when we played the Marquee. It's much too hot wearin' that bloody thing. Anyway we don't believe in dressin' up, all we do is get up on stage and play. I mean now you get blokes that get up on stage wearin' dog collars and stuff like that. Dog collars are for fuckin' dogs, aren't they? You get punk bands on

stage now singin' about how poor they are and ~~they're~~ there they are wearin' leather jackets an' all that that cost forty quid each.

Chainsaw: What about the richer, more successful bands?

Manic Esso: Most of them aren't genuine. Generation X are though, Billy's a good bloke. But the fuckin' Sex Pistols-- they're a fuckin' joke. We were quite friendly with them last year but not now. They couldn't give a fuck about their ~~M~~ fans.

Chainsaw: Do you think you'll ever get as rich and famous as them?

Manic Esso: No. Why, do you think we will?

Chainsaw: No, not really. Do you think that when the sunday papers and the music press lose interest in punk, a lot of the fans will lose interest as well?

Manic Esso: No I think it'll stay. What all the publicity has done is to make people come and see punk bands to see what it's like...it's here to stay now.



MANIC ESSO

TOTAL WAR!

④

GLEN MATLOCK FOR THE LURKERS?!?

Chainsaw: What are your favourite bands?

Manic Esso: The Dolls, they were good they were. And the Ramones and the Saints.

Chainsaw: What are your ~~favourite~~ favourite english bands?

Manic Esso: Errr... I don't really know.

Chainsaw: Have you always had this line-up?

Manic Esso: No. A few months ago we changed bassists. We used to have a bassist called Nigel who left to join Swank. Glen Matlock was gonna join us after he left the Pistols but he went and formed his own group instead. (Fu-u-u-uckin'ell!!) Actually we've been playing the kind of music we do now for four or five years. But it's ~~nt~~ only been recently when punk's come along that we've been able to play gigs and release singles.

Chainsaw: Were you satisfied with your first single?

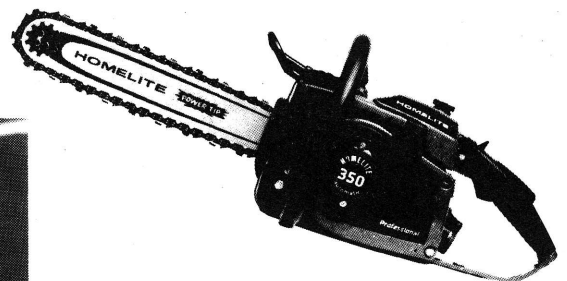
Manic Esso: No. The production was ~~w~~ very bad. Our next singles a lot better, it's produced by Ed Hollis (the Hot Rods producer).

Chainsaw: What's it called?

Manic Esso: Freakshow, with Mass Media on the B-side.

The Lurkers are: Howard Wall/Vocals. Pete Stride/Guitar. Arturo Bassick/Bass. Manic Esso/Drums.

The more you listen to the Lurkers the more you'll like them. So if you've seen them and weren't very impressed (I wasn't the first time I saw them) go out and buy their single, play it to death and go and see them again!



THINGS...

Allo punks!

Right what's been happening.... The mag got its first ever mention in the national music press a couple of months ago- a review of the first Chainsaw in Sounds. Naturally it got slagged off (I've never met Jon Savage and I didn't slip him a fiver) I don't mind that so much cos everyone's entitled to their opinion, but the whole article was an insult to every ~~fan~~ fanzine editor in the country (even the ones that got good reviews). I mean saying (in a good review of a fanzine) that the quality of writing was almost up to music press standard....? It only takes a moment's thought to realise that punks buy fanzines cos the standard of writing is better than in the music press. Why else would anyone pay £20p-35p or so for about a dozen small pages of type/photos? Fanzines are done by those people who know and are dedicated to the scene, not someone that gets paid for it (and usually knows very little about it). To do a fanzine is hard work, and it also takes guts risking your own money to get it started-- so don't you think Mr Savage could have thought about what he was writing before he wrote it?

Right... I got a letter from a new Croydon band the Operators, if they ever manage to get a gig together go and see them-- they might be an absolute load of shit for all I know, but even if they are they deserve a start. (they can only get better.) There's also a group from Croydon called the Banned- they've got a single out and it's really great.

One thing that really made me wanna vomit was what happened at the Chelmsford punk festival. Only about two or three thousand people turned up, but I ~~x~~ wasn't really surprised about that because of the cost (£3.50 to get in, plus fares ~~x~~ etc.) What annoyed me was the decision of some of the bands not to play because the promoters couldn't afford to pay them. I used to think that punk bands cared about their fans, but not now. The worst culprits of all were the Damned- they were offered over £400. This was only half of what they'd agreed on but it's still a lot of money- and they still didn't play. Even if they ~~didn't~~ played and got paid nothing at all, all they'd have lost was an hour or so of their time. But just walking off, without playing a note is bloody

inexcusable. They didn't give one shit about all those fans that came all the way from London etc and paid their £3.50 (which is a lot of money to some people you know). Quite a few of those that did go probably went specially to see the Damned cos they were the most famous group that were supposed to play. Now, I've promised myself I'll never ever again pay money to see the Damned again, or get any of their records, or even bother to mention them in this mag.

I had to get that off my chest... well I hope you enjoy the mag, I think it's the best Chainsaw yet. Please- write and say what you think of it... contributions and press cuttings are always welcome. See ya in a month or two....

Charlie Chainsaw.



THE BUZZCOCKS + THE WORST LIVE AT THE GREYHOUND, CROYDON

This was the first night of the new season at the Greyhound and the Buzzcocks were great. But the Worst lived up to their name- and they were on stage for an hour.

The Worst came on stage at about 8.30 and for about 20 minutes they just seemed to be a mediocre punk band. They were a three-piece, with the guitarist singing. They might have been alright if they had a good singer, the band could play their instruments well enough. They were quite a laugh at times, the singer (who looks like Malcolm Macdonald) said "For all of those people that came to see us and not the Buzzcocks, this is a song called Wasted Journey!"

Highpoint of their set came after about quarter of an hour when the singer grabbed the mike and said "If any young lady would like to come backstage after the show and screw young Davy here, cos he's still a virgin!"

But in the end their set was fucking chaos, and I think that was intentional

as well. They did one song that they made up as they went along. All it was was the drummer thrashing out rhythms, guitar churning out two-chord riffs and the singer wailing into the mike like a Banshee. But there was worse to come, they were joined on stage by two other blokes- a harmonica player and another singer. What a row, they were all out of tune with each other. They did the worst Louie Louie I've ever heard. It was so bad that the DJ turned all the mikes and amps off and put the Clash album on. Two minutes later the mikes were on again, and the new singer said "Tell the DJ he's a wanker! And the same applies to the management here, they said we couldn't play, but we did!"

More din followed. It was so bad I felt like dashing off to the Gents bog and locking myself in the cubicle.

But-- the Buzzcocks made it all worthwhile. They were great, they were what the new-wave is all about. Fast, loud, bursting with energy, and fun. They've been without Devoto for some time now and they've really settled in, they're probably better now than they've

ever been. They were miles better than on the Roxy album. They were fantastic. Go and see them at your earliest opportunity, if you don't you're really missing something!

The music couldn't have been better. It was clear, and tight. They did all their old favourites- Boredom, Breakdown, Love Battery, 16, Orgasm Addict, Oh Shit, Fast Cars, Whatever Happened to... , and lots of others.

I like the way Pete Shelley introduced his songs. He's got a voice a bit like the bloke that reads the Magic Roundabout (with a Manchester accent) and he says ~~XXXXXX~~ 1-2-3-4 like he couldn't give a toss.

"This is a song called Oh Shit. If me mother heard me using language like that she'd kill me!"

For the encore they did Time's Up and Friends of Mine from the EP. The band stopped halfway through Time's Up, absolutely covered in flob. He said "Look we're going to start again. If anyone starts gobbing again we'll stop, and we won't start again, is that clear?" That sounded just like one of my old schoolteachers. Audience obeyed, of course.

I've heard Devoto's formed a new band, but I'm pretty certain he's gonna regret leaving the Buzzcocks cos they're so good now. Pete Shelley's as good a singer as Devoto ever was. The two guitars (Shelley and Steve Diggle) add more depth to the sound, they make a fuller and richer sound. New boy Garth is on bass- he looks more like an armour-plated tank than a human being. He can really play it, as well. Drummer John Maher is tireless- and he's still only 16.

The thing I really like about the Buzzcocks is that they're fun! They ~~don't~~ don't try and fill you up with all that Claimants Union/Right to Work crap, all they do is get on stage and enjoy themselves. The music's the most important thing, whatever anyone says- I mean who's gonna listen to groups like Chelsea in two or three years time?

Still...glad to see they haven't turned into another Clash...yet!

LOVE BATTERY - GOIN' OUT OF CONTROL...

HE'S GOT THE SACK
SINCE I WROTE THAT!

XTC THROW T.V.'S OUT OF WINDOWS (LIVE AT THE 100 CLUB OXFORD ST. LONDON)

This was billed as "New Wave Night" at the 100 Club- not quite true as it turned out. First band on were called



Cant-B-Bad. Poxy name they've got for themselves, but they weren't too bad. They weren't punks, they looked like mums & dads like their teenage sons to look- Donny Osmond haircuts etc. Their music was a sort of cross between punk and heavy-metal. They were fairly fast, with a good solid rhythm.

Next on were the Skunks (formerly known as Dole queue.) They played some good powerful stuff. They were young- except for the drummer who was bearded and balding.

There was a rather wierd atmosphere here tonight. There were no punks at all (apart from members of the bands) - it seemed like about 60 Daily Telegraph and Guardian journalists came along to see what punk rock was all about. (I knew it wasn't gonna have that many punks there, cos both Gen X and X-ray Spex were playing down the road, but this was ridiculous.) There was no pogoing- and obviously they were expecting this so--- they put out three rows of chairs in front of the stage! And to think, this used to be one of the country's most important punk venues!

XTC themselves you could hardly call punk. In fact I've never heard any band that sounds like this. They are a four-piece, including a keyboard player. They play fast, jerky songs, each one completely different from the last. They weren't very heavy- they rely on their own style of music rather than a wall of noise. They're not the kind of band to go and see if you want your brain blasted out.

They've been together X for some time now. Two years ago (then known as the Helium Kidz) they were featured in the NME's Roadrunner series for up and coming bands.

They looked really wierd, they had their hair down to the ground almost. The NME called them the ultimate El Dorado of unlimited fame, fortune and filth- it said they once threw a colour TV out of the window of an american hotel and nobody complained. It also says they perform a mixed programme of hard rock (so I hope they dont use the old cliché "We've been playing this kind of music for years now."), and ~~they~~ that they're gonna find the going EXTREMELY tough.

They've had their hair cut since then of course.

Being different from everyone else is sure to get them a dedicated following. If they don't get very rich and successful they'll get their own hard-core of fans- that's what you get for being original.

999 live at the Greyhound (Croydon)

I'd heard that 999 were very good so I was expecting this to be a great gig. Unfortunately it wasn't - I didn't think 999 were much better than an average support band. True, they did some good things but ~~xxx~~ on the whole it was the usual three-chord stuff that has been done ten times better.

I'll give a mention to the support band (as always) they were called the Tools. They had a loony-bin job of a singer who kept on falling over. They were alright I spose.

Back to 999 again folks... I'd heard

that 999 were one of the few punk groups that had decent tunes. That's true, they DID have tunes. But...this gig was just so BORING, tunes or no tunes!

This could have been one of their off nights I suppose- I hope it was, for everyone's sake.

After the gig when hardly anyone clapped, the DJ shouted out X "Come on, you can do fucking better than that!" True. But maybe they didn't want to. (999 ~~xxx~~ were brave though, they did three songs for an encore after that!)

LONDON + THE SWORDS + THE VICTIMS live at the Greyhound

Extra bonus here tonight, three bands- two of which (Swords + Victims) I'd never heard anything about before. The Swords came on at about 8.15 to an almost empty Greyhound. They sounded alright, OK for a support band. They weren't anything like the great hope for 1978 but what the fuck...a good way to spend half an hour of your time. They come from Hounslow- they'd brought along some of their local fans with them. I don't think any Croydon punk dared pogo when the Swords were playing, these Hounslow loonies kept on kicking each other about and writhing on the floor- it was great fun to watch if you're a sadist.

The Victims came on next and they were a bit of a disappointment. I spose they could play their instruments as well as the Swords but I didn't like them as much. They had the usual two-chord riffs and they used lots of swear words to stop their maiden aunties coming to watch them. They gave me the impression that one of them said "Hey, there's nothing on the TV these days, let's form a punk band- that's what everyone else is doing." Well they're not going to get any better unless they really believe in themselves, at the moment they're totally without character. But.. they're a very young band (the singer only looked about 15 or 16) so give 'em time.

Off went the Victims, on went London. They weren't bad, but they hadn't improved much since I last saw them (in June). Like the Victims they also seemed rather insincere- but at least London make up for it by playing some good meaty punk rock. They don't stick to the usual two-or-three chord two minute songs format

their songs are imaginative and original - and powerful.

What I really didn't like was the band's stupid tough-guys stance. Calling their roadies fucking cunts three or four times over the speakers because there was a fault with the monitor isn't really very funny is it? The singer Riff Regan tries desperately hard to look outrageous or dumb- he wore those stupid pink plastic glasses all the time. He started their

set by throwing tampax bags into the audience. And halfway through their set the singer Regan picked up an inflatable rubber doll- you know, the type frustrated businessmen get- after five minutes of fingering its crutch that got thrown at the audience as well.

As for the music- can't really compare it to that of any other new-wave band so go and see them if you think you can stomach a spoilt little boy singer. The best thing they did was their last song, "Swinging London". That riff's still going through my mind, it's really great. They also did (as you'd expect) their excellent first single Everyone's a Winner, its B-side Hand-cuffed, and tracks from their new 12-inch EP- including that bastardisation of "Friday on my mind". That sounded much better live ~~x~~ than on the EP.

In the encore a few friendly pogo-dancers decided to join the ~~xxx~~ band on stage. Regan quickly hurried back-stage, the rest of the band kept on playing. That proves one thing, the rest of the band care about their fans more.

London are:

Riff Regan-vocals. Steve Voice- bass. Dave Wight-guitar. Jon Moss-drums.

READ THIS...

Hi, I'm Kid Charlemagne and I like the stranglers.

~~Grip is the Statement of Intent.~~

~~Buddy is the Put-Down.~~

~~Buddy is the Single,~~

~~Peaches is the Riff.~~

The Case: "London Lady, why did you lay me?" Come on! Get a grip on yourself. Prove it? Just the facts. Buddy is The Single, Peaches is The Riff. The Only Ones. Can you argue? Something better change (this case that I been working on so long). Lemme tell you a secret, you better Straighten Out. That's the CONFIDENTIAL.

~~Now~~ Now, for the Stranglers, there are no more Heroes. Their case is closed.

But you, you in the shadows, what d'you think of that? Are the Stranglers your heroes. Did you rush out and buy? Did you sit at home and play? Did you simper, wimper, ooh and aah as your fingers did the walking?

When I was young, I had a book. More Ruthless Rhymes. Nursery rhymes, about little Jenny, who borrowed the carving knife when mum and dad were out, to have a look at little sister's Mandy's blood. He found it was red. Now I'm older and my taste is more restrained, I can listen to big brother Jean Jacques chanting nice little ditties about nice little titties (Bring on the nubiles), plus other trivia like I Feel Like A Wog, Pesant in the big Shitty and School Mam. They sound nice, but so do nursery rhymes.

You pay three quid, and you can hear it round your friend's anyway. That three quid can pay for some of the classy singles that don't make the charts (Devo for one)? ~~any concert that~~ to see any band LIVE, and buy all the fanzines you want (HAHA). It's all going on around you, NOW. But things don't go on for ever, 5 6 to 7 on that freedom doesn't last past January, (Remember, you read it in Chainsaw first, ~~And I'll tell you~~ for why unless you do something about it. And I'll tell you for why. There are half as many fanzines now as just three months ago. Secondly, there are a reasonable number of punk bands signed up, the business is getting agrip, and you can bet your last silver safety pin that given any chance at all they'll sow the market up in their Christmas kill-sell buy-out@punk super-hype campaigns. When that happens, they'll be laughing, and you'll be crying for all these crazy bands you never had the money or time to see. Money spent on nursery rhymes, time you lost in living slow.

Your the one who can take that chance away. The bands you love do their best, The Pistols cause they say Fuck You to anyone who'll bother to listen (As in the Magic Vinyl, "I Wanna Be Me") X, The Clash cause they say Fuck You to ~~theirxxxxxx~~ C.B.S.I, and the Stranglers by releasing all their smartest mainsongs as singles, leaving their albums for all the moneyed trendies to buy. (If you don't believe that, tell me why the song that everyone thought was Peaches at their ~~last~~ recent concerts of their recent tour is called "Dead Ringer". Don't tell me they don't KNOW.) Now it's down to you, the people who ~~have~~ make the effort to get to know what's actually available, to keep it that way, else there won't be nothing to find out about. If you don't actually ever get on stage, or lay fingers on a type-writer (Haha), but just get on with living your life how you want, that's cool. All I ask and kick and beg you is: NEVER, NEVER, NEVER let the parasites in their grimey offices limit your freedom simply because it's easier to find out what they're selling than checking out the genius on the street; and if there's a choice between two good records, two good concerts, two good papers, two good books, don't take the better known one, because someone else will have, take the one by the lesser known ~~sh~~ dude EVERY time, because that's the one who needs the money.

Records are music, not numbers in the chart. The final criterion is your mind. Who is your Hero?

Kid Charlemagne

Kid Charlemagne wrote that, my review of the Stranglers new album is on the next page →

ALBUMS: (ONE OF THEM'S GOOD, ONE OF THEM ISN'T.)

THE BOYS (NEMS)

Sick on You/I call your name/Tumble with me/Tonight/I don't care/Soda pressing/No Money. Side two: First time/Box Number/Kiss like a nun/Cop cars/Keep running/Tenement kids/Living in the city.

This album's bloody good. (Bleedin' beaut!) There are a lot of classic tracks and nothing I'd really call crap...it's nothing like the Clash album of course but it's miles better than the Damned's effort.

They've mixed down the vocals to an almost inaudible level in parts- it comes off pretty well but they haven't got an unmistakable Boys sound (I don't know if that's a good thing or not.)

"Sick on you" is the opener. It's probably the most famous Boys song cos of the lyrics but it's not one of their best songs. Casino Steel (the Boys piano/vocalist) used to do it in his former band, the Brats. "I call your

name" is a Beatles song, the only non-original. It doesn't quite come off, it changes tempo too much. "Tonight" (NOT the MC5 or Move song) is a classic! Play it loud! Other classics on the album are: Soda Pressing (geddit?), First time, Kiss like a nun, Cop cars and Keep running. There's enough of them!

A "First time" was their second single and it's great! It's very pop-music-ish but it's still good, they've managed to combine the innocent "I met her last Friday at the local dance" pop-music charm with the raw energy of punk. Same applies to Kiss like a nun- that's even better.

I don't like the last track Living in the City. It shows that someone's been listening to the MC5's Back in the USA. Both albums finish off with a rock and roll song that starts with a few seconds guitar solo. There are a couple of other ~~rattier~~ rather boring songs but that doesn't matter much cos all the songs are about 1½-2 minutes. The one thing I really don't like about it is it lasts less than half an hour which is stupid. Nice cover though.

THE STRANGLERS NO MORE HEROES (U.A.)

The Croydon Advertiser said this was the best punk album ever released. Sorry fellas but I don't agree. This offering, complete with predictable rat on inner sleeve, isn't a patch on their first ~~xxx~~ album Rattus Norvegicus. It's quite easy to see why- in the first 9 months of 1977 they've released four singles (five if you include the free one they gave away with Rattus Norvegicus) and two albums. So this has been rushed. There are a couple of great tracks on this but a lot of it is very very boring. A little more time and it could have been a lot better. Another thing this lacks is the ~~xxx~~ colour, imagination and variety the first album had. Just about everything on this album is a rehash of what they've done before (only not as well). I'll give a mention to the more memorable tracks:

"Bitching" is one of the good'uns. It's typical stranglers- one of their faster, more direct songs. It does go on a bit too long though. This has been one of their favourite stage numbers. Dagenham Dave is another goodie, it sounds fresh and innocent. I don't like

the ending though, it sounds like Yes.

Julie Burchill please take note, "Bring on the nubiles" is very sexist. I like a bit of sexism every now and again. Unfortunately, the music's crap.

A "Peasant in the big shitty" is one of the tracks that appeared on the free single they gave away with the first album. It's got Dave Greenfield on vocals- and a wierd rhythm. It's the only really original track on the whole album, if you see what I mean.

"Burning up time" is another of the good ones, Hugh Cornwell spits out the words with real venom. But "School Mam" the longest track on the album is a bloody disaster. It starts off alright but it just goes on and on and on. The last two minutes are so terrible it's almost embarrassing to listen to. Ugh!

The rest of the album isn't worth writing about. No more heroes and something better change you'll have heard already.

Well in short this is the ultimate LP that should have been an EP. Stranglers fans might like it but I'm not very impressed. I await their next album and single, they'll probably be out in December or January knowing them. One thing I'm puzzled about- why do they now call themselves Stranglers IV???